

DELL®

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12-010-605

AIR WAR STORIES

THE INCREDIBLE
SHARPSHOOTER WHO WASN'T
A GENTLEMAN!!

ONE DOWN...
PLENTY TO GO!
**BRING ON
MORE
PLANES....**

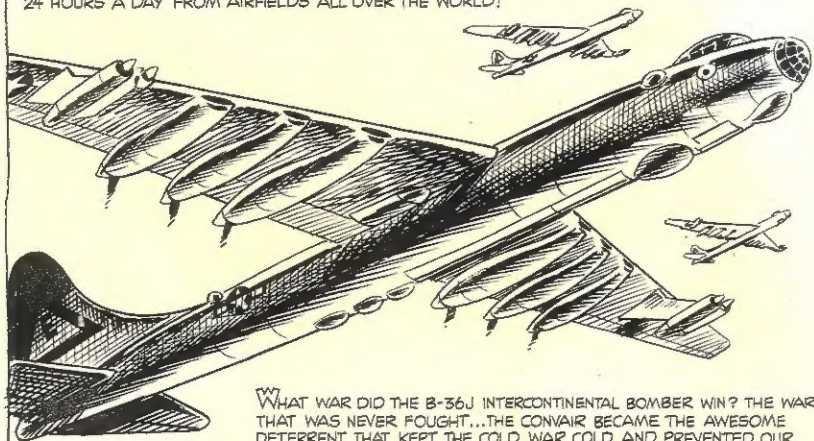
**THE BLAZE OF
GLORY THAT
SPELLS DEFEAT!**



THE UNUSED WEAPON THAT WON A WAR!

IN 1946, THE CONVAIR B-36J FLEW FOR THE FIRST TIME...A MASSIVE INTERCONTINENTAL BOMBER WITH A RANGE WELL IN EXCESS OF 10,000 MILES, A SPEED OF OVER 430 MPH, AND WITH A BOMB-CARRYING CAPABILITY OF 84,000 LBS!

TOO LATE FOR WORLD WAR II...IT BECAME AVAILABLE ON A PRODUCTION BASIS JUST IN TIME FOR THE STRATEGIC AIR COMMAND TO USE AS A NUCLEAR-BOMB VEHICLE...READY ON A ROUND-THE-CLOCK BASIS, WELL PUBLICIZED SO THAT ALL THE WORLD KNEW ITS CAPABILITIES...AIRBORNE 24 HOURS A DAY FROM AIRFIELDS ALL OVER THE WORLD!

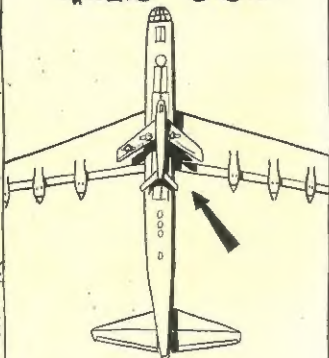


WHAT WAR DID THE B-36J INTERCONTINENTAL BOMBER WIN? THE WAR THAT WAS NEVER FOUGHT...THE CONVAIR BECAME THE AWESOME DETERRENT THAT KEPT THE COLD WAR COLD AND PREVENTED OUR ENEMIES FROM TAKING LIBERTIES WITH THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM!



ON-AIR REFUELING TECHNIQUES WERE PERFECTED FOR THE B-36J. THE SAME AIRCRAFT REMAINED AIRBORNE FOR INCREDIBLE FLIGHTS.

GRB-36D



A CONVERSION OF THE RB-36D, THIS BOMBER CARRIES AN RF-84K RECONNAISSANCE FIGHTER.

AIR WAR STORIES

PATHFINDER

I POURED ON ALL THE COAL ONCE I'D DROPPED THE MARKING FLARES ON THE HUGE PRECISION INSTRUMENT COMPLEX ON THE EDGE OF THE GERMAN CITY.....NOW, I COULD TAKE EVASIVE ACTION...BUT THE NAZIS HAD THEIR SEARCHLIGHTS ON ME AND THEIR MURDEROUS 88 MM AA BATTERIES WERE ZEROED IN ON MY B-26 MARTIN MARAUDER! HICKENS, MY CO-PILOT, WAS HIT BAD...BUT THE REST OF THE SIX-MAN CREW SEEMED INTACT!

DRUMS FROM SNEAKY PETE. COMPLETED MISSION. ACK-ACK VERY HEAVY OVER TARGET AREA. I SAY AGAIN... COMPLETED MISSION, OVER AND OUT!

SNEAKY PETE FROM DRUMS, ROGER YOUR MESSAGE, THANKS PAL, OUT.

HANG ON, YOU GUYS, WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE!

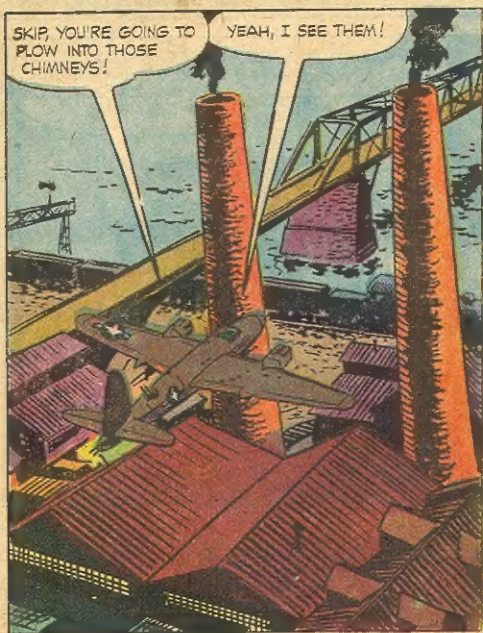
MORRISON'S HURT BAD, SKIPPER. AND...

SAVE IT, FUZZY!

IS CAPTAIN BULLARD CRAZY? WE HAVEN'T GOT A...

THE SKIPPER'S SMART, MACK! THE NAZIS HAVE LESS CHANCE SCORIN' ON US AT THIS HEIGHT!

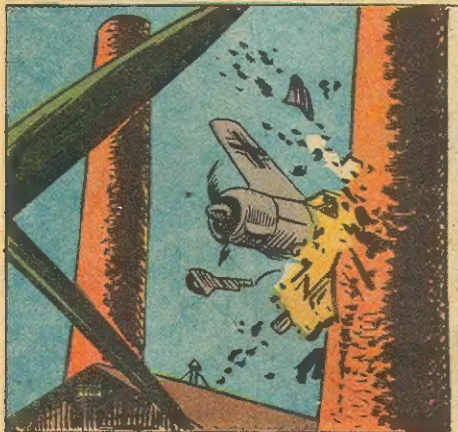
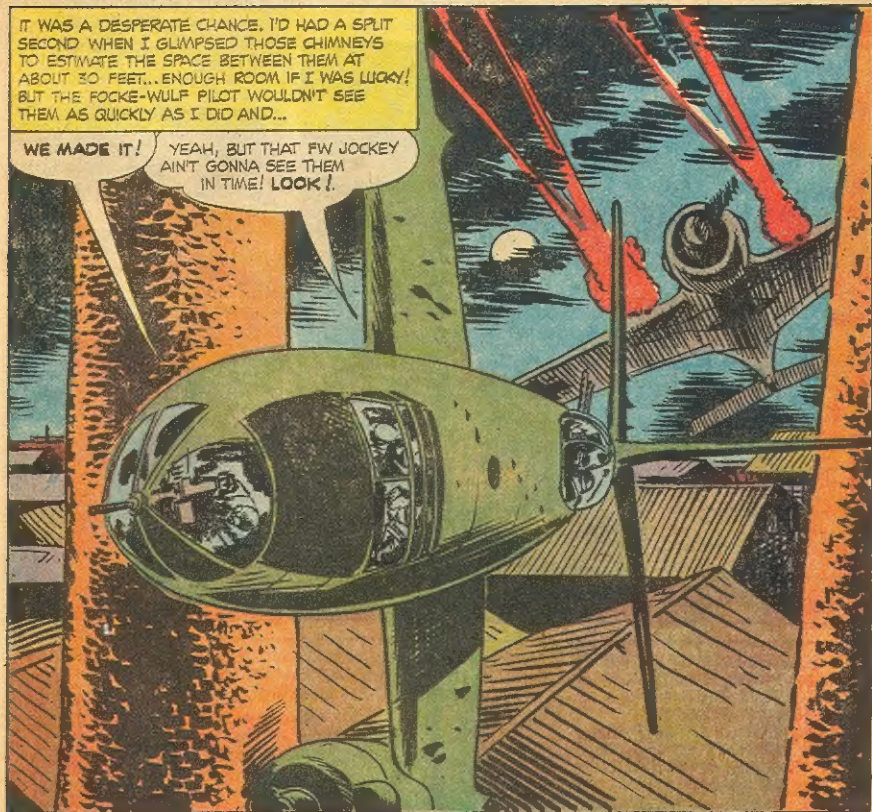
BLAM



IT WAS A DESPERATE CHANCE. I'D HAD A SPLIT SECOND WHEN I GLIMPSED THOSE CHIMNEYS TO ESTIMATE THE SPACE BETWEEN THEM AT ABOUT 30 FEET... ENOUGH ROOM IF I WAS LUCKY! BUT THE FOCKE-WULF PILOT WOULDN'T SEE THEM AS QUICKLY AS I DID AND...

WE MADE IT!

YEAH, BUT THAT FW JOCKEY AIN'T GONNA SEE THEM IN TIME! LOOK!



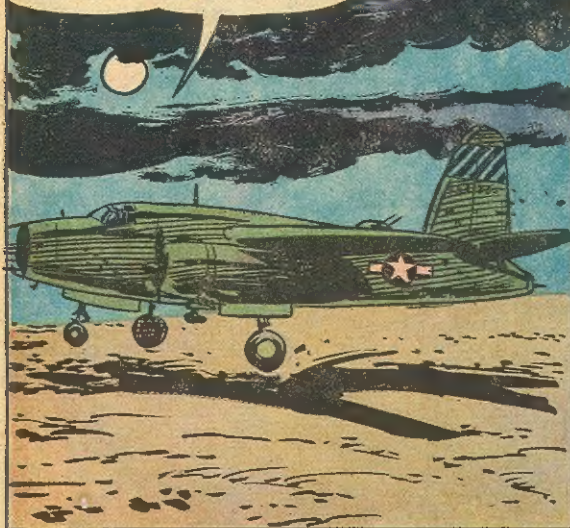
MAN, I THOUGHT WE WERE DEAD!

TAKE A LOOK AT JONESSEY, WILL YOU, FUZZY? HE'S HIT!



LANDING BACK AT THE FIELD IN ENGLAND WASN'T ANY CINCH. THE NAZIS HAD SHOT AWAY A LOT OF THE CONTROL SURFACES BUT...

I'M GOING STRAIGHT UP TO OPERATIONS, FUZZY. TAKE CARE OF THINGS HERE, WILL YOU?



AT OPERATIONS THEY WERE GETTING REPORTS FROM THE GROUP AND SQUADRON LEADERS. I HAD TO KNOW IF I'D MARKED THE TARGET PROPERLY AND IF THE RAID WAS A SUCCESS...



HOW'S IT GOING, SIR?

YOU PRESUMABLY MARKED YOUR TARGET ACCURATELY, CAPTAIN, BUT...

THE GERMAN'S CLEVERLY SET OFF MARKING FLARES EXACTLY LIKE YOURS IN FOUR OTHER AREAS... MARSHLANDS AND EMPTY FIELDS, NATURALLY! MANY OF OUR BOMBS WERE DROPPED ON THESE DECOY TARGETS! IT WILL HAVE TO BE DONE AGAIN, I'M AFRAID!



DONE AGAIN, THE MAN SAYS. BUT JONESY WON'T BE ABLE TO DO IT AGAIN. OR MORRISON...AND MAYBE THE DOPEY DUCK WON'T BE ABLE TO DO IT EITHER!



I GOT THE WORD ABOUT THE JOB WE'D DONE NEXT AFTERNOON.

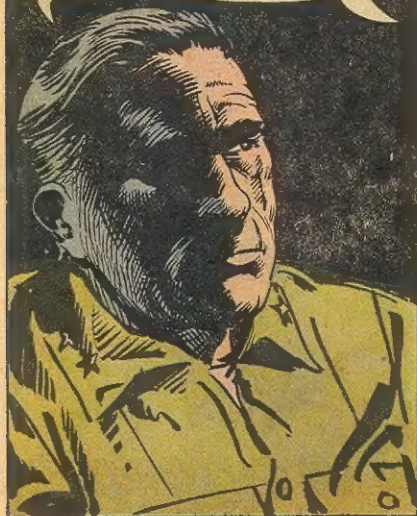
OUR INFORMANTS TELL US THAT YOUR MARKER FLARES WERE RIGHT ON THE FACTORY, CAPTAIN BULLARD. YOU DID AN EXCELLENT JOB AND I'VE REQUESTED OFFICIAL RECOGNITION FOR YOU AND YOUR CREW.

I'LL PIN JONES'S MEDAL ON HIS SHROUD, GENERAL. THE TARGET WASN'T DESTROYED, I TAKE IT.



ARE YOU REFUSING TO MAKE THIS FLIGHT, CAPTAIN?

NO, GENERAL. BUT I'M NOT GOING TO GET THAT MANY MEN KILLED AGAIN. I'LL GO BUT I'M TAKING A NAVIGATOR ALONG AND THAT'S ALL!



NO...AND WE WOULD LIKE YOU TO MARK THE SAME TARGET AGAIN TONIGHT!

TWO OF MY CREW WERE KILLED, GENERAL. THE GERMANS KNOW WE FAILED LAST NIGHT...THEY'LL FIGURE WE'LL BE BACK TONIGHT! AND THEY'LL BE LAYING FOR MY PLANE ESPECIALLY!



NOW, I HAD TO FIND FUZZY AND BREAK THE NEWS. HE HAD A NEW WIFE BACK HOME AND HE DIDN'T WANT TO DIE ANY MORE THAN I DID! I FOUND THE GUY READING A LETTER HE'D JUST GOTTEN...

MY WIFE WROTE ME THE SWEETEST LETTER, SKIP! LISTEN, I'LL READ PART OF IT TO YOU...

SPARE ME, BUDDY, I GOT NEWS FOR YOU. YOU AND I ARE GOING BACK THERE TONIGHT. JUST US!





THEY HIT US WITH THE WORKS TEN MILES FROM TARGET! SEARCHLIGHTS, ACK-ACK, AND A FLIGHT OF FOCKE-WULF 190'S.

WHAT'S THE COURSE TO TARGET NOW, FUZZY? ANSWER ME!

HE'S HIT...GOT TO SET THIS THING ON AUTO-MATIC PILOT! I'M NOT TAKIN' HIM WHERE I'M GOING!



IT WAS TAKING ON THE QUALITIES OF A NIGHTMARE. I GOT BACK TO FUZZY AND DUMPED HIM WITH A FERVENT PRAYER.



DRUMS FROM SNEAKY PETE, DON'T LOOK FOR FLARES, LOOK FOR A CLUSTER OF BOMB HITS...I'M GOING OVER THE TARGET NOW!



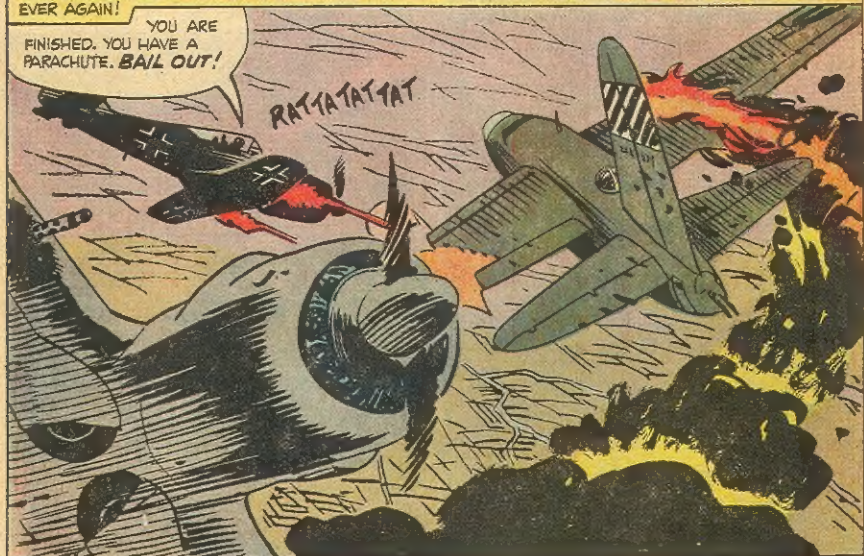
NEIN, SNEAKY PETE. YOU WILL NOT DROP BOMBS TONIGHT! YOU ARE ABOUT TO DIE!



THEY HIT ME WITH BULLETS, SHELLS, AND A COUPLE OF SLEDGEHAMMERS! ONE ENGINE WAS OUT, THE OTHER WAS OVERHEATING FAST...AND I WAS WOUNDED. IT LOOKED LIKE I WOULDN'T GET TO MARK THE TARGET EVER AGAIN!

YOU ARE FINISHED. YOU HAVE A PARACHUTE. **BAIL OUT!**

RAT-TAT-TAT



DRUMS FROM SNEAKY PETE. AM GOING IN NOW TO MARK THE TARGET. DO NOT LOOK FOR FLARES. AM MARKING WITH DIRECT BOMB HIT RIGHT ON TARGET!

BOW

RAT-TAT-TAT

ZIP



HIMMEL! THE PATHFINDER PLANE GOT THROUGH...WE ARE DOOMED!





THE BIG BOMBERS DRONED IN, CRISS-CROSSING AT DIFFERENT HEIGHTS OVER THE SHATTERED INSTRUMENT FACTORIES BELOW! THOUSANDS OF TONS OF BOMBS SMASHED HITLER'S DREAMS INTO NIGHTMARES THAT NIGHT...

DID ANYONE SEE WHAT HAPPENED TO THE PATHFINDER?

A LEAD BOMBER RADIOED IT WENT STRAIGHT INTO THE TARGET, SIR. THE PILOT STAYED WITH THE PLANE.



BUT THEY WERE WRONG. I HADN'T STAYED WITH THE PLANE! AT THE LAST SECOND, WHEN I KNEW THE BOMBER WOULD HIT THE TARGET, I'D SAILED OUT! TOO LOW, OF COURSE...AND I WAS CAUGHT IN THE BLAST...



BUT I LIVED, THANKS TO A CRACKERJACK GERMAN DOCTOR...AND THEY TOLD ME THE RESULTS OF MY MISSION FOUR DAYS LATER WHEN I CAME OUT OF THE COMA I'D BEEN IN.

YOU WILL BE PLEASED TO KNOW THAT YOU SUCCEEDED BEYOND YOUR WILDEST DREAMS, CAPTAIN BULLARD. AND YOUR NAVIGATOR, CAPTAIN BEAUCHAMP, WILL LIVE, I BELIEVE.

THANKS, DOCTOR. MAYBE THIS WAR'LL END A LITTLE SOONER...BECAUSE OF WHAT I DID THE OTHER NIGHT. I HOPE.



The End

AIR WAR STORIES

GENTLEMAN'S WAR

FRANCE, 1918, CAPTAIN ARMSTRONG ROGERHAM AMERICAN ACE, IS ABOUT TO SQUEEZE THE TRIGGER AND SHOOT DOWN THE FAMED BARON OTTO VON SCHLOSSER, FOREMOST FIGHTER PILOT OF THE GERMAN AIR FORCE!

BUT THE BURST ISN'T FIRED, BARON VON SCHLOSSER ISN'T KILLED!...THE BARON'S GUNS JAMMED...AND HE IS SIGNALING TO CAPTAIN ROGERHAM...THE AIR DUEL IS POSTPONED...

BLAST THE LUCK! VON SCHLOSSER'S GUNS WOULD JAM JUST WHEN I WAS ABOUT TO GET HIM IN MY SIGHTS!



LATER CAPT. A. ROGERHAM BRINGS HIS PLANE IN FOR A LANDING...

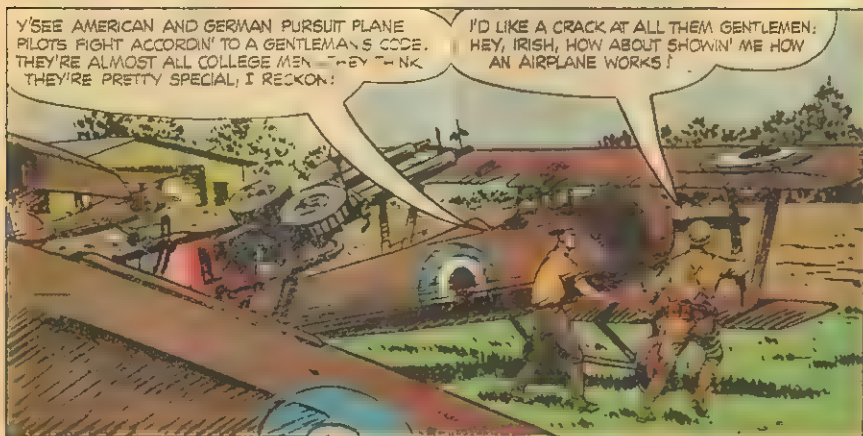
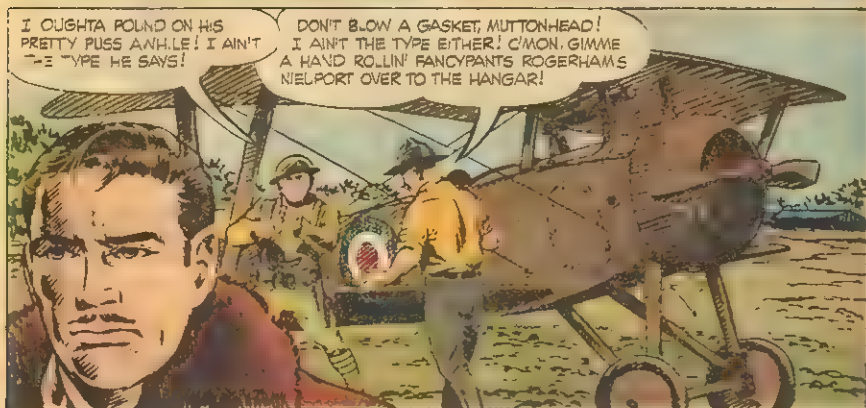
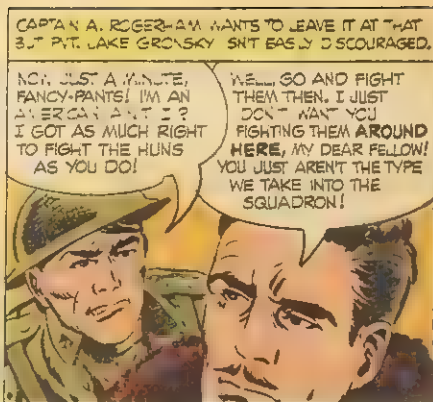
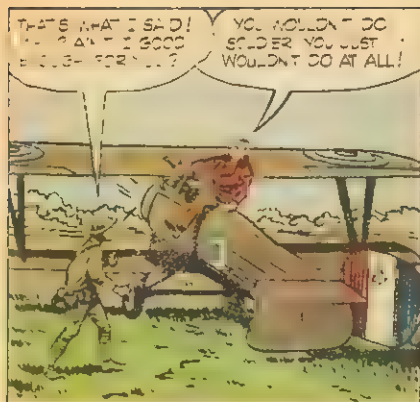
I WONDER WHO THAT FELLOW IS? HE'S GOT NO STYLE... NO STYLE AT ALL!



HIYA, CAPTAIN. MY NAME'S JAKE GRONSKY. I COME OVER FROM CHATEAU THIERRY TO JOIN UP WITH THE ARMY A.I.R. CORPS.

I BEG YOUR PARDON? DID YOU SAY...ON UP?





IT'S SIMPLE. ANY IDIOT CAN FLY ONE! THE STICK THERE WORKS THE ELEVATORS. WHEN YOU PUSH IT FORWARD THE ELEVATORS GO DOWN AND THE PLANE DIVES. WHEN YOU PULL THE STICK BACK, THE PLANE CLIMBS. PUSH IT LEFT, THE ALERONS PUT INTO A TURN TO THE LEFT, PUSH THE STICK RIGHT, THE ALERONS BANK YOU TO THE RIGHT. THE RUDDER'S HOOKED UP TO THE TWO PEDALS ON THE FLOOR. KICK THE RIGHT PEDAL, YOU TURN RIGHT, KICK THE LEFT PEDAL, YOU TURN LEFT! COURSE YOU GOT TO PRACTICE A LITTLE AFTER YOU TAKE OFF BEFORE YOU GET REAL GOOD AT IT!



MAYBE I'LL SWIPE A PLANE AFTER CHOW TONIGHT AND GIVE IT A TRY, IRISH!

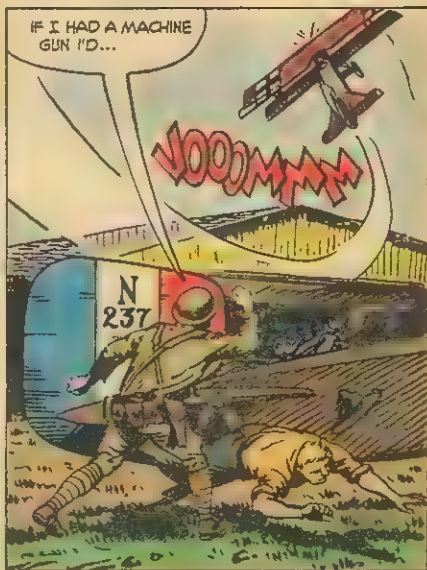


HEALY, THE MECHANIC, STARTS ACROSS THE TARMAC TOWARD THE MESS TENT WITH THE AIR-MINDED DOUGHBOY AT HIS SIDE WHEN SUDDENLY, A SNARLING, DISCORDANT NOISE IS HEARD. IT CAN ONLY BE AN ENEMY PLANE...

GET MOVIN'...IT'S A BOCHE!



IF I HAD A MACHINE GUN I'D...

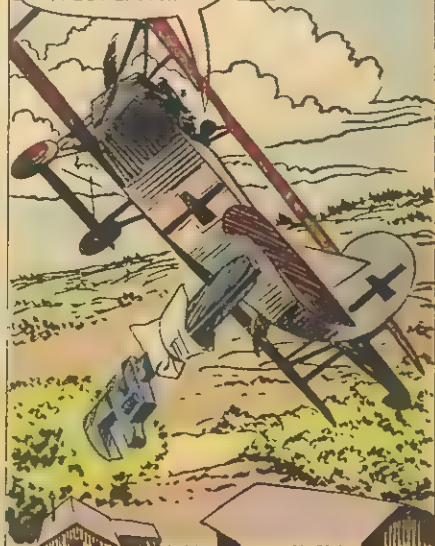


AS THE FOKKER WITH THE SMILING BARON TURNS, GRONSKY IS RACING TOWARD AN OBSERVATION PLANE, A TWO-SEATER WITH A VICKERS M.G. MOUNTED ON THE REAR COCKPIT...

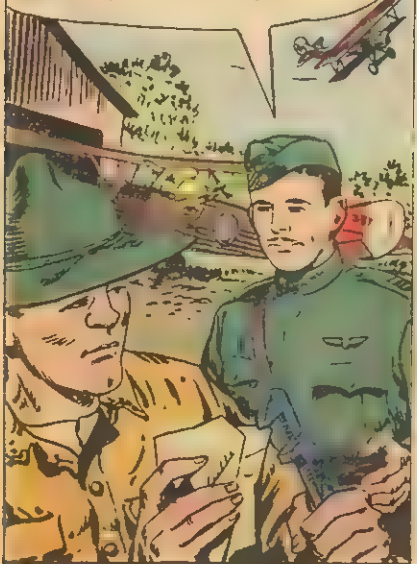
PART MY HAIR WITH HIS PROPELLER, WILL HE?



EVEN A COWARDLY AMERIKANER WILL NOT IGNORE THE CHALLENGE OF A GENTLEMAN!



LET'S HAVE IT, HEALY! VON SCHLOSSER DELIVERED HIS CHALLENGE PERSONALLY THIS TIME. IT'S QUITE AN HONOR. QUITE!

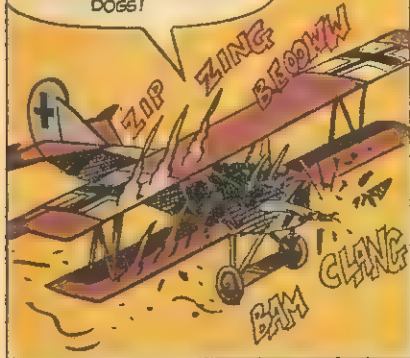


AND INTO THIS HONORABLE EXCHANGE OF GENTLEMANLY CHALLENGE AND GENTEEL ACCEPTANCE...A BARBARIAN INTRUDES...ANNOUNCING HIS PARTICIPATION WITH A LONG BURST FROM A .30 CAL VICKERS M.G.!

HATE TO BUST UP YOUR TEA PARTY...BUT FOR THE REST OF US SLOBS THERE'S A WAR ON!



SCHWEINHUND! AMERIKANISHE
DOGS!



THE FOKKER CIRCLES AS BARON VON SCHLOSSER
LOOKS FOR A PLACE TO LAND. AGAINST HIS WILL,
HE DECIDES ON THE AMERICAN AIRFIELD...

HE'S MY PRISONER! I SHOT HIM
DOWN, I'M GONNA CAPTURE HIM!



YOU'RE MY PRISONER, FRITZ!
I SHOT YA DOWN, AND I...



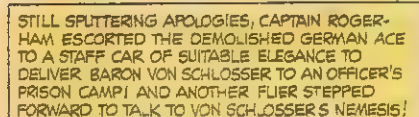
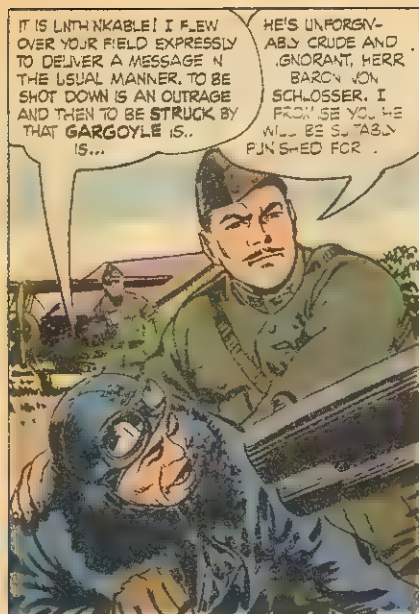
I SHOULD HORSEWHIP
YOU, HAVE YOU SHOT,
SENT TO..

ARE YOU NUTS?



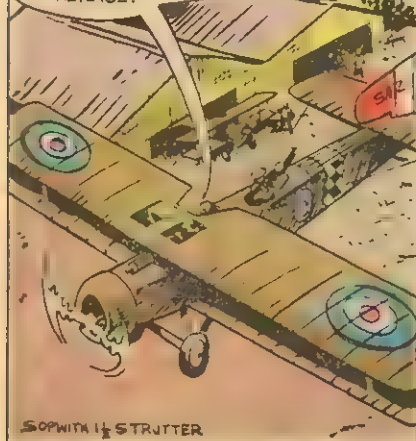
OH, NO! HE STRUCK
HIM TOO!





SO, WHEN THE OBSERVATION PLANE TOOK OFF ON THE DAWN PATROL, JAKE GRONSKY, DOUGH-BOY, WAS THE NEW MACHINE-GUNNER...

TEST YOUR GUNS AND BE READY FOR ACTION! VON SCHLOSSER'S SQUADRON WILL BE LOOKING FOR REVENGE!



BOY, THIS BEATS LOOKIN' AT MUD WALLS IN THE TRENCHES!

POKKERS AHEAD, GRONSKY! GET READY!



I GOT ONE, LIEUTENANT! I SHOT ONE DOWN!

WELL, DO IT AGAIN, JAKE! DON'T STOP NOW!

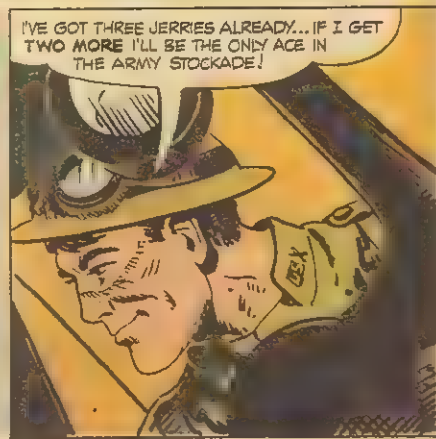
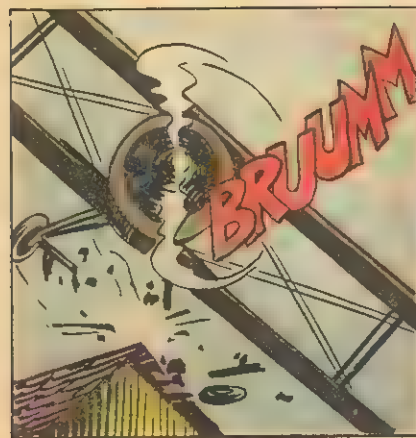
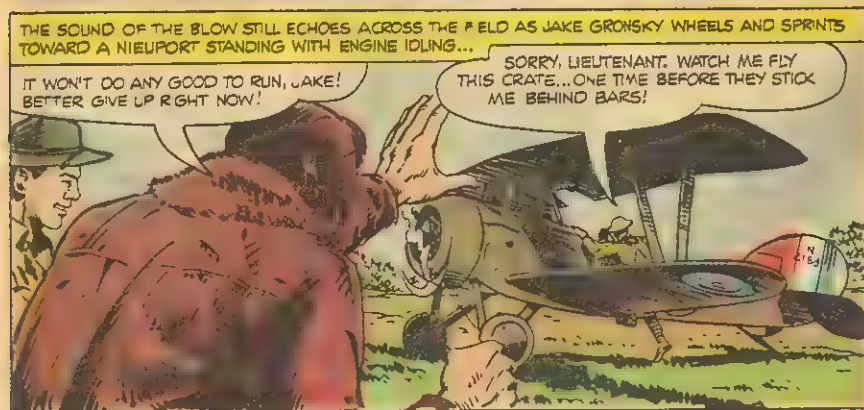
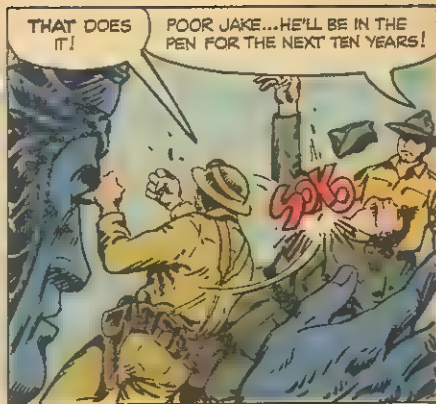
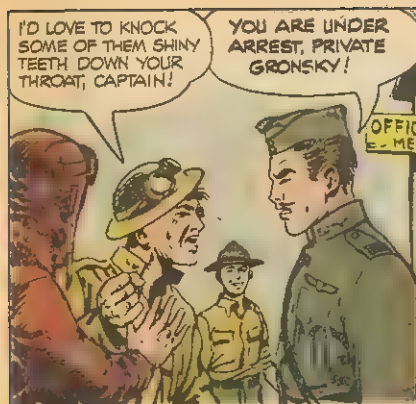


IN A WEEK, JAKE GRONSKY HAD THREE VICTORIES... JIM HOLLIS HAD ONE WITH HIS GUNS...AND THE GENTLEMEN IN THE SQUADRON DIDN'T APPROVE AT ALL!

ONE SIDE, CAPTAIN...I PROMISED OLD JAKE I'D BUY HIM A ROUND IF HE GOT A BOCHE TODAY!

THIS CLUB IS FOR PILOTS, OFFICERS AND GENTLEMEN. HE IS NOT ANY ONE OF THE THREE!

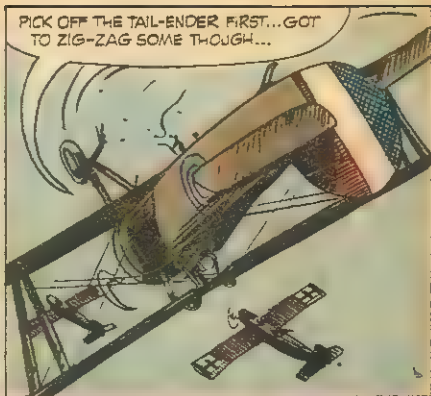




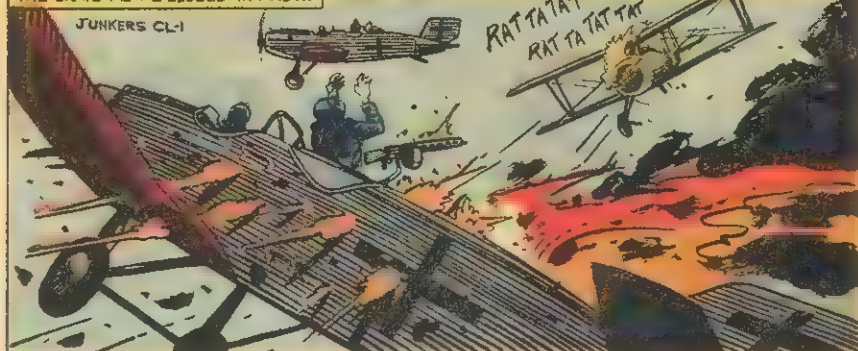
GRONSKY IS INEXPERIENCED AND THE NIEUPORT SKIDS ALL OVER THE SKY BUT HE'S SMART AND HE'S LEARNED A LOT LISTENING TO OTHER PILOTS...SO NOW HE GETS THE LITTLE AIRCRAFT UP TO SIX THOUSAND FEET...

THERE'S A FLIGHT OF BOCHE TWO-SEATERS...
THREE NICE FAT TARGETS.

PICK OFF THE TAIL-ENDER FIRST...GOT TO ZIG-ZAG SOME THOUGH...



FEELING THE WINGS SHUDDERING AT THE FANTASTIC SPEED OF 140 MPH, JAKE GRONSKY STEADIES THE CRATE AS HE CLOSED IN AND...



ONE DOWN. ONE TO GO...AS GRONSKY PULLS HIS NIEUPORT OUT OF THE DIVE AND SWERVES AWAY TO THE NORTH! HE'S LOST A LOT OF ALTITUDE...AND HE LOOKS DOWN...AT HIS OLD OUTPOST AT CHATEAU-THIERRY! AND HE SEES THAT THE GERMANS ARE BEGINNING TO ATTACK!

LOOK AT THE AVIATOR WEARIN' THE TIN HAT... WEARS IT THE WAY JAKE GRONSKY USED TO!



HIMMEL! EIN AMERIKANISCHER COOCOO BIRD!

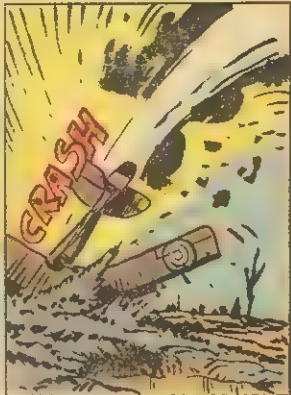


THE DEMORALIZED GERMAN INFANTRY MULL AROUND, FUZZLED TANK COMMANDERS TURN AWAY, AND THE ALLIES COUNTERATTACK...AS OVER THE TRENCHES THE "COCCOO BRO" BUZZES WITH BLAZING GUNS!



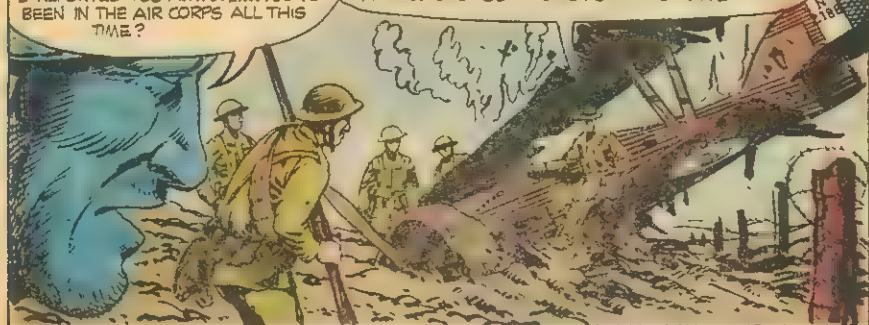
BUT THE FRAIL AIRCRAFT IS NOT BUILT TO TAKE THIS WILD FLYING...

GOING TO CRASH...NEVER BECOME AN ACE NOW!



GRONSKY, I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT! I REPORTED YOU A.W.O.L....YOU'VE BEEN IN THE AIR CORPS ALL THIS TIME?

YESSIR, MAJOR, YOU COURT-MARTIAL ME FIRST! THAT WAY I'LL ONLY GO TO JAIL FOR MAYBE FIVE YEARS



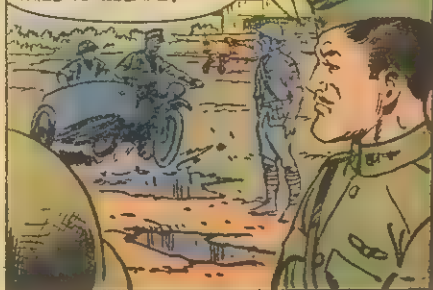
YOU'RE A HERO, JAKE! BESIDES, YOU CAN FLY AN AIRPLANE! YOU'RE NOT IN THE INFANTRY ANY MORE! I'LL SEND YOU BACK TO YOUR AIRFIELD!

I GUESS I OUGHTA SAY THANKS, MAJOR



SO JAKE GRONSKY, HERO, RETURNS TO THE FIELD! WHERE CAPTAIN ARMSTRONG ROGERHAM IS WAITING WITH THE MILITARY POLICE!

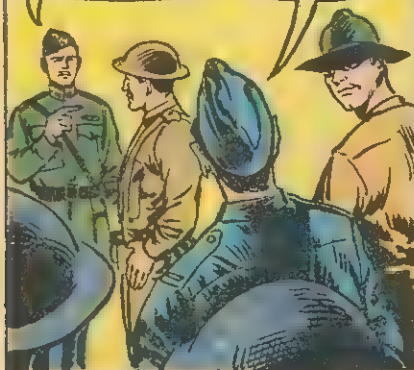
THERE HE IS, MEN! DO YOUR DUTY AND SHOOT HIM DOWN IF HE TRIES TO ESCAPE!



THIS IS THE SHOWDOWN! CAPTAIN ROGERHAM, FROTHING DISCREETLY, LEVELS AN ACCUSING FINGER AT THE UNGENTLEMANLY DOUGHBOY PILOT...

ARREST HIM!
I HAVE UNDISPUTABLE PROOF THAT THIS CREATURE DARED TO STRIKE BARON VON SCHLOSSER ON ONE OCCASION AND MYSELF AT ANOTHER TIME! I HAVE TWO WITNESSES WHO...

KNOW SOMETHING, IRISH? I JUST GOT A BAD CASE OF AMNESIA... I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER MY OWN NAME!



THE COLONEL HEARD ABOUT GRONSKY SHOOTIN' DOWN ONE OF THEM ARTILLERY SPOTTER PLANES AND HE TOLD ME HE'S GONNA MAKE GRONSKY AN OFFICER SOON AS HE SEES HIM, CAPTAIN! AS FOR ME BEIN' A WITNESS TO THE TIME HE KNOCKED YOUR TEETH OUT, I NEVER SEEN A THING!



COME ON, GRONSKY, I RECKON THEY CAN'T KEEP YOU OUT OF THE OFFICER'S MESS NOW. YOU EITHER, HEADY...YOU'RE ON TEMPORARY DUTY AS A GENERAL, I JUST DECIDED.

THIS IS DEFINITELY DETERIORATING. THAT SCOUNDREL HASN'T EVEN BEEN TO COLLEGE!



AND SO...THE GENTLEMAN'S WAR CAME TO AN END AND JAKE GRONSKY, CAPTAIN, BECAME ONE OF AMERICA'S LEADING WAR ACES...



The End

AIR WAR STORIES

LAST FLIGHT?

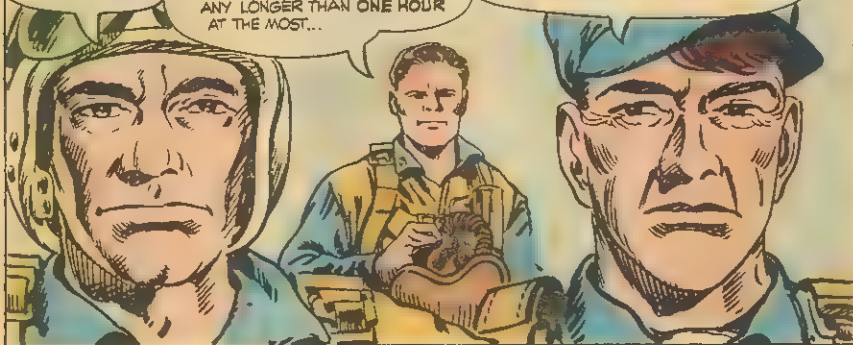
ANOTHER MILK RUN...
I SUPPOSE WE SHOULD
BE GLAD NOTHING
EVER HAPPENS.

THE LAST WAR
SUPPLIED ALL THE
ACTION WE'LL EVER
SEE. WHEN AND IF THERE'S
ANOTHER WAR...IT WON'T LAST
ANY LONGER THAN ONE HOUR
AT THE MOST...

THESE THREE MEN, MAJOR JEROME LIKENS,
COMMAND PILOT, MAJOR ALDIS WHITEHILL,
LOUIS DELVECCIO, ARE THE CREW OF THE BOEING
B-47 STRATOJET WAITING ON THE LINE! THESE MEN
ARE CAREER OFFICERS...THE BACKBONE OF THE
AIR FORCE!

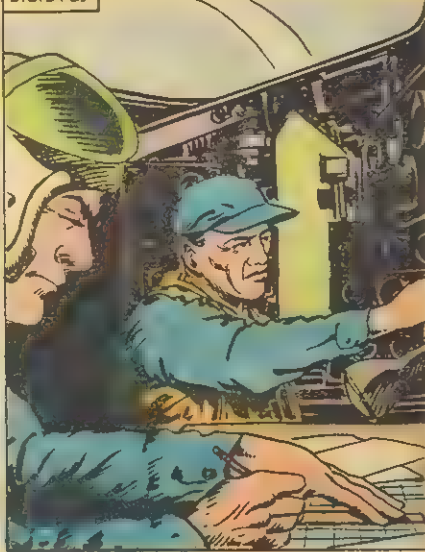
THEIR MISSION TODAY WAS TO TAKE OFF, FLY ON A
PRESCRIBED COURSE NORTH OF THE ARCTIC CIRCLE...
PART OF THE STRATEGIC AIR COMMAND'S RETALIATORY
FLEET WHICH IS CONSTANTLY AIRBORNE, ARMED WITH
THE ULTIMATE WEAPONS, 24 HOURS OF EVERY DAY...

WE'LL LET'S GET IT OVER WITH, MAJOR.
WANT TO START THE ROUTINE?



THERE'S A LONG, DETAILED CHECK-OFF LIST FOR
EACH MEMBER OF A JET BOMBER CREW. THIS TIME,
MAJOR WHITEHILL INSPECTS THE 90 TON BOMBER
Meticulously...

WHILE MAJOR LIKENS CHECKS THEIR FLIGHT PLAN AND
CLEARS WITH THE TOWER, CAPT. DELVECCIO EXAMINES
THE ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT AND THE ARMAMENT
SYSTEMS.



EACH A DEDICATED PROFESSIONAL...ALL CAREER MEN WHOSE FAMILIES ARE PROUD OF THEM... DOING THEIR JOBS WITH SUPERB SKILLS.

LONGBOY BAKER TO SOLITAIRE,
READY FOR TAKE-OFF.

LONGBOY BAKER FROM SOLITAIRE, YOU
ARE CLEARED FOR TAKE-OFF. USE
RUNWAY 20, OVER.

I CAN'T STAND IT...THIS IS THE
LAST MESS, CV.

THIS IS WHO'S LAST MISSION? WHICH OF THESE
DEDICATED MEN THINKS THOSE WORDS?

FOR YEARS NOW I'VE BEEN IN THE
AIR FORCE. I LOVED IT...DURING WORLD WAR II
WHEN WE HAD A REAL JOB TO DO, WHEN
THERE WAS ACTION...BUT NOW IT'S
ONE MILK RUN AFTER ANOTHER!

I'LL GO INTO BUSINESS WITH MY FATHER-IN-LAW.
I'LL GET TO LIKE CIVILIAN LIFE AFTER AWHILE.

BEHIND HIM, NAVIGATOR WHITE-LL GRAPPLES WITH HIS CONSCIENCE. HE'S SAVAGELY ANGRY AT HIS OWN INDECISION...

AN EIGHT HOUR FIGHT... NO ONE BLASTED THING TO STOP THE ENEMY... I JOINED THE AIR FORCE BECAUSE I LIKED ACTION...



...I GO APE IF I JUST KEEP FLYING THESE
MUCK RUNS. I WOULDN'T MIND SO MUCH IF...



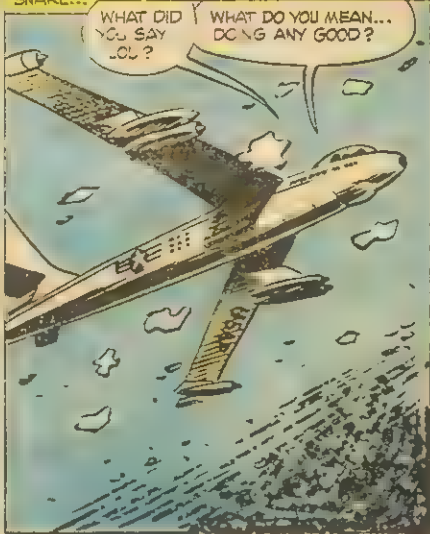
...IF I COULD JUST THINK THIS WAS
DOING ANY GOOD!



CAPTAIN DEVECCIO'S WORDS ARE THE ONLY ONES
SAID ALOUD...AND HIS MICROPHONE IS OPEN!
THERE, CROSSING THE ARCTIC CIRCLE, HIS TWO
COMPANIONS HEARD LOU DEVECCIO'S ANGRY
SNARL...

WHAT DID
YOU SAY
LOU?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN...
DOING ANY GOOD?



BUT DELVECCIO'S EXPLANATION HAS TO WAIT. A CODED MESSAGE COMES IN FROM S.A.C. HEAD-QUARTERS...DELVECCIO GETS IT, ROGERS FOR IT, DECODES IT, THEN INFORMS MAJOR LUKENS! THEIR ORDERS CHANGED...FLY ON COURSE 355 DEGREES AT A SPEED OF 570 MPH!

WHAT'S UP, JERRY?

NOTHING STARTLING, ALDIS. JUST MORE FUN AND GAMES. LOU, WHAT'S WITH YOU? YOU DISENCHANTED WITH THE AIR FORCE TOO?

AT THE RISK OF SOUNDING CORNY, GENTLEMEN, I JOINED THE AIR FORCE WITH THE THOUGHT THAT I WAS DOING SOMETHING FOR MY COUNTRY. I'D STAY IN FOR FIFTY YEARS IF I WAS DOING ANY GOOD...BUT I JUST DON'T THINK THIS TRIP IS NECESSARY!

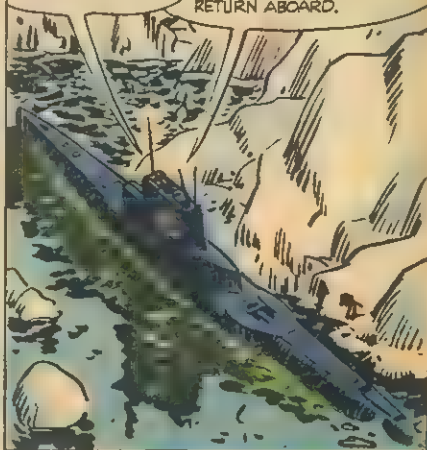


ACCORDING TO YOUR POSITION ON OUR LONG-RANGE RADAR FIX...YOU SHOULD HAVE A SUBMARINE BELOW YOU. CIRCLE, SWITCH ON SURFACE RADAR, AND SEARCH THIS AREA.

ON THE COMMUNIST SUBMARINE AN OFFICER CURSES BITTERLY, FOCUSING HIS BINOCULARS ON THE CIRCLING BOMBER. HE DOESN'T KNOW HOW THEY WERE FOUND IN THIS VAST WASTE OF ICE AND DRIFTING SNOW...

THEIR RADAR HAS LOCATED US, COMRADE CAPTAIN.

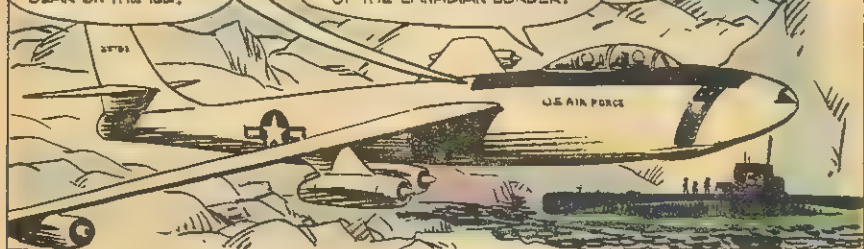
WE HAVE FAILED. INSTRUCT THE TECHNICIANS ON THE ICE TO DISMOUNT THE SCIENTIFIC EQUIPMENT AND RETURN ABOARD.



ABOARD THE B-47 LONG THOROUGH TRAINING IS PAYING OFF. CAPTAIN DELVECCIO USES HIS RADAR EXPERTLY...RADAR'S THE POSITION AND OTHER PERTINENT DATA. MAJOR LUKENS TAKES HIS FAST JET BOY'S DOWN LOWER. WEAPONS SYSTEMS ARE ACTIVATED, THE BIG EVIL EGG IN THE BOMB BAY IS READY...AND THE ENEMY BELOW KNOWS IT ONLY TOO WELL!

LOOK AT 'EM SCRAMBLE ABOARD! THEY'RE LEAVING HALF THEIR GEAR ON THE ICE!

CAN YOU IMAGINE THE NERVE? SETTING UP EQUIPMENT LIKE THAT WITHIN 400 MILES OF THE CANADIAN BORDER!



YOU TWO, DO ME A FAVOR? FORGET I EVER SAID ANYTHING ABOUT IS THIS TRIP NECESSARY! I JUST GOT MY ANSWER... IF WE DIDN'T COME ALONG, THEY'D HAVE A BASE IN OUR BACK YARD!

IT'S FORGOTTEN, LOU. MATTER OF FACT...MAYBE I WASN'T TOO SURE THE AIR FORCE IS THE GREATEST EITHER!



HERE COMES LONGBOY BAKER FROM ANOTHER MILK RUN.



THEY WALK AWAY FROM THE BOEING STRATO-FORT...TIRED BUT WITH MORE SPRING IN THEIR STRIDE THAN WHEN THEY'D STARTED ON THEIR "LAST MISSION"...

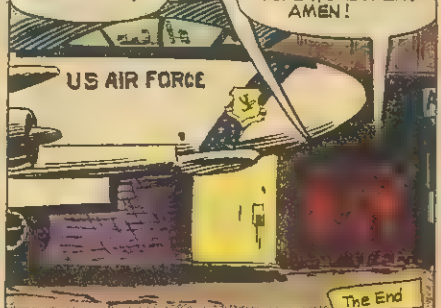
KNOW WHAT, MAJOR? WHEN WE STARTED OUT... I THOUGHT IT WAS GOING TO BE MY LAST MISSION! WHAT A LOAD IT IS OFF MY MIND NOW THAT I DECIDED TO STAY IN THE AIR FORCE!

I WAS SORT OF TEETERING MYSELF, LOU! I WAS TEMPTED TO GO FOR SOME OF MY FATHER-IN-LAW'S BIG MONEY... BUT I'VE SEEN THE LIGHT!



I COME FROM A BIG FAMILY. EIGHT BROTHERS. RICH LAWYERS, A RICH DOCTOR...A STOCKBROKER... AND KNOW WHO THEY ALL ENVY? ME!! THEY BRAG ABOUT THE BROTHER WHO'S A JET PILOT! WHAT A CHUMP I'D BE TO GIVE IT UP!

AMEN, BROTHER! AMEN!



The End

AIR WAR STORIES

WHO'S CHICKEN?

THE REST OF THE CREW TREATED LT. NORMAN BISSELL WITH AFFECTIONATE CONTEMPT. THE QUIET, STUDIOUS NAVIGATOR ALWAYS WORE HIS RUBBERS WHEN IT RAINED, CARRIED AN UMBRELLA WHEN HE SAW A CLOUD IN THE SKY, AND HE ALWAYS SEEMED TO HAVE A HEAD COLD. LT. BISSELL BELIEVED IN SAFETY FIRST... A DIFFICULT SLOGAN TO OBSERVE WHEN YOU'RE PART OF A B-7 AIR CREW WITH THE 8TH AIR FORCE FLYING MISSIONS OVER NAZI GERMANY IN THE SUMMER OF 1943...

HEY, CONBOY, PRISSEY BISSEY WANTS TO TURN BACK BECAUSE HIS WRIST WATCH STOPPED!

YOU MEAN LT. BISSELL? WHY DO YOU CALL HIM THAT?

YOU'LL KNOW AFTER YOU FLY A FEW MISSIONS WITH HIM.



I CAN'T NAVIGATE WITHOUT AN ACCURATE CHRONOMETER CAPTAIN LOOMIS!

WANTA BORROW MY MCKEY MOUSE WATCH LEUTENANT?



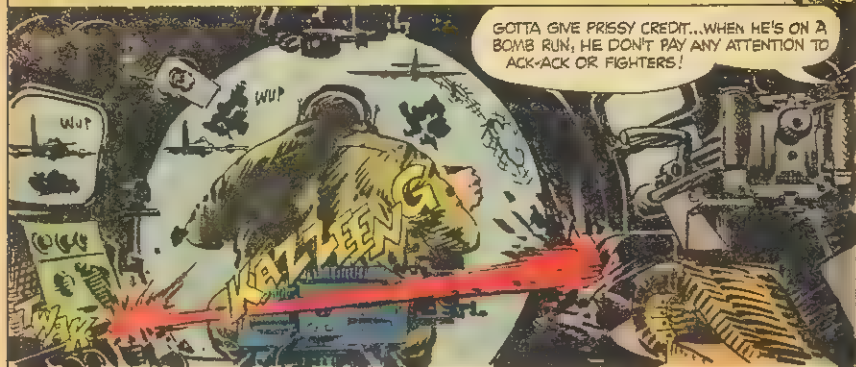
RADIO HITLER... TELL HIM TO STOP THE WAR. PRISSEY BISSELL HAS TO GET HIS WATCH FIXED!

RECKON HE'S A MITE CAREFUL... BUT HE DOES A NICE JOB NAVIGATIN' US THERE, THEN NAVIGATIN' US HOME AGAIN!



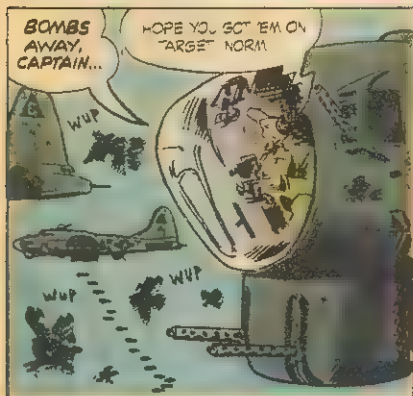
OVER THE TARGET WHEN HE BECAME THE BOMBARDIER LT. BISSELL FUNCTIONED WITH HIS USUAL EFFICIENCY.

GOTTA GIVE PRISSEY CREDIT...WHEN HE'S ON A BOMB RUN, HE DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO ACK-ACK OR FIGHTERS!

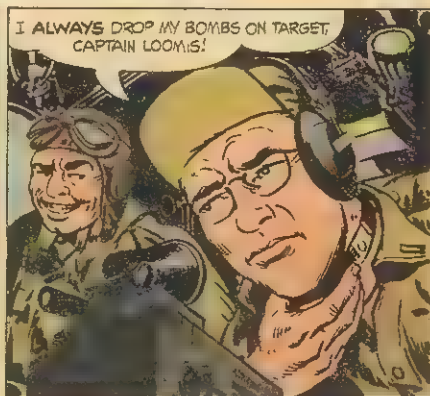


BOMBS AWAY, CAPTAIN...

HOPE YOU GOT 'EM ON TARGET NORM



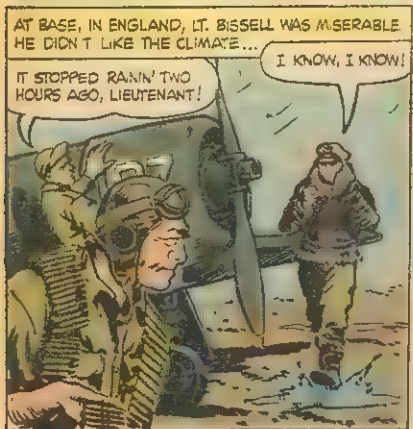
I ALWAYS DROP MY BOMBS ON TARGET, CAPTAIN LOOMIS!



AT BASE, IN ENGLAND, LT. BISSELL WAS MISERABLE HE DIDN'T LIKE THE CLIMATE...

I KNOW, I KNOW!

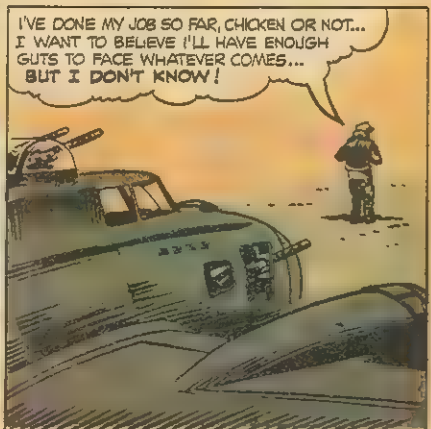
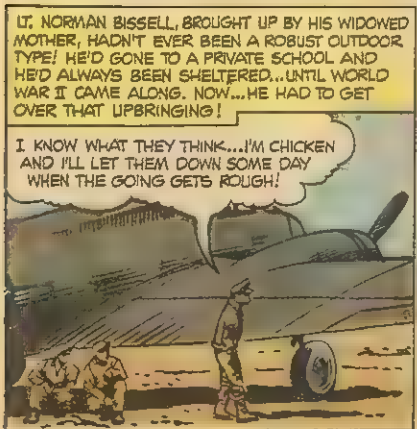
IT STOPPED RAININ' TWO HOURS AGO, LIEUTENANT!



HEY, PRISSEY, THE SKIPPER WANTS YOU IN OPS.

SGT. R DZ K, IF YOU ADDRESS ME DISRESPECTFULLY AGAIN, I'LL HAVE YOU COURT-MARTIALED.

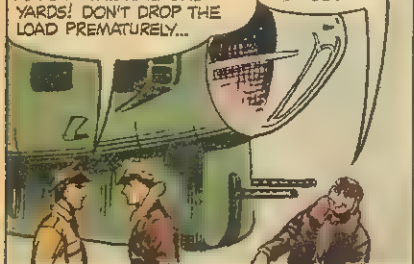




MISSION AT DAWN...TAKE OFF 0545 HOURS....
BOY:8 RA..ROAD YARDS AND DOCKS AT
HAMBURG...AND RETURN!

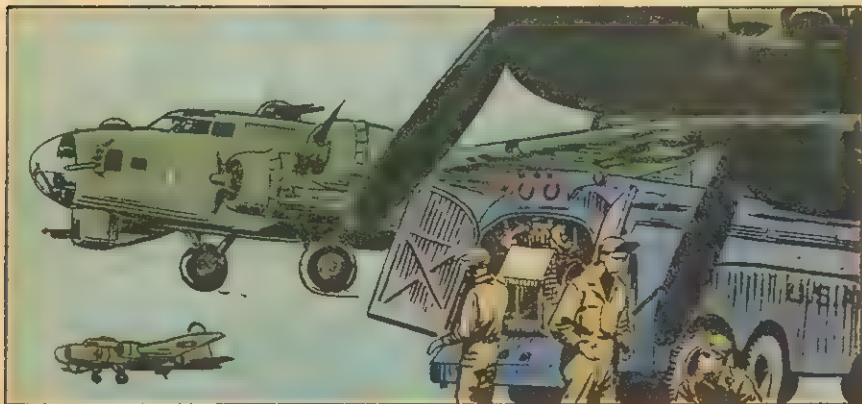
THEY'VE GOT PLENTY OF
ACK-ACK, NORM, ESPECIALLY
AROUND THE RAILROAD
YARDS! DON'T DROP THE
LOAD PREMATURELY...

CAREFUL, SKIP...I
THINK PRISSEY'S
GONNA FAINT
ON US!



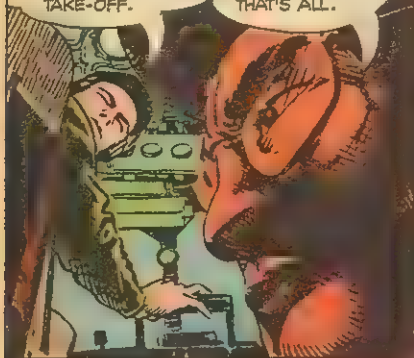
THAT MORON WAS ALMOST
RIGHT...I DID ALMOST
FANT! I'M SICK TO MY
STOMACH....

WHY CAN'T I
BE LIKE THE
REST OF THEM?



YOU OKAY, NORM?
YOU LOOKED A MITE
PEAKED JUST BEFORE
TAKE-OFF.

I'LL BE OKAY, SIR!
GOT A LITTLE
INDIGESTION,
THAT'S ALL.



JUST THE SAME, I BET PRISSEY BISSY WILL
FOUL US UP IF WE EVER GET IN A JAM!

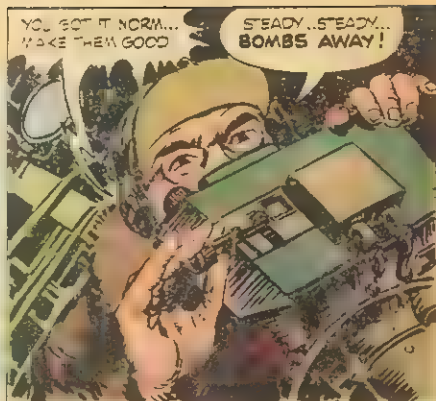


OVER HAMBURG THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE IS WORSE THAN THEY'D EXPECTED! AND ONE EXPLODING 88 MM SHELL SMASHES INTO THE TAIL GUNNER'S TURRET...

BANDIT AT FOUR O'CLOCK LOW! ALL GUN POSITIONS KNOCKED OUT, CAPTAIN. WHAT'S THE MATTER BACK THERE? NOW, HOLD HER ON THIS COURSE SO I CAN DROP THE BOMBS!

YOU GOT IT NORM... MAKE THEM GOOD

STEADY...STEADY... BOMBS AWAY!



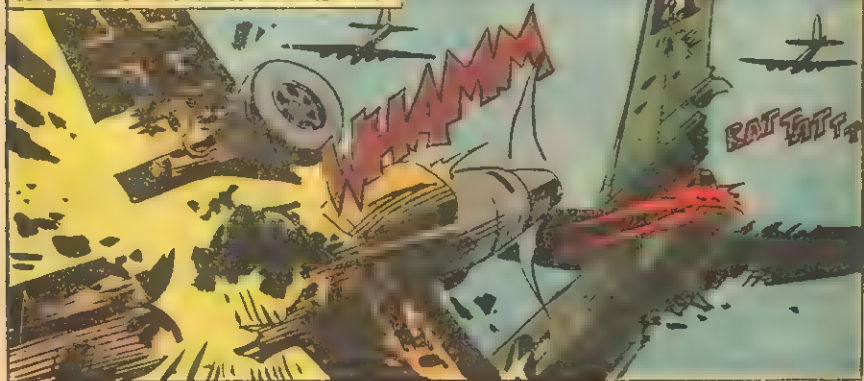
TAKE THE CONTROLS, CAPTAIN! CAPTAIN? TAKE THE SHIP OFF AUTOPILOT, I, CAPTAIN, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?



IF SOMEBODY DOESN'T GET THAT MEISSERSCHMITZ, HE'LL BE SHOT DOWN. HE'S GOING TO TAKE HIS NEXT PASS FROM BEHIND. THE NAZI KNOWS THE TAIL-GUNNERS SHOT UP



BESSEL CRASHES THE UNCONSCIOUS GUNNER INTO THE CRAWLWAY AND TAKES THE TWO .50 CAL GUNS! HIS BURST CATCHES THE CARELESS NAZI FULL FACE!

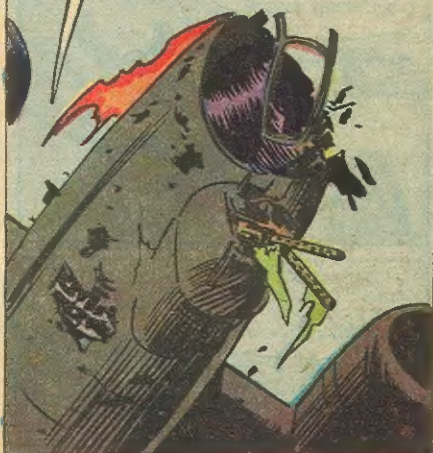


HURRYING FORWARD TOWARD THE COCKPIT, LT. BISSELL HEARS THE WILD YAMMER OF NAZI GUNS... AND HE KNOWS THE BOEING FORTRESS CAN'T TAKE MUCH MORE!

PRISSY'S FIGHTING 'EM OFF!
I...I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!



THIS SHIP'S JUST ABOUT SHOT TO PIECES!
WHOLE CREW'S HURT...THEY CAN'T
BAIL OUT!



YOU'RE A CHUMP,
PRISSY...IF YOU HAD
ANY SENSE, YOU'D
SAVE YOURSELF!

DON'T SAY THINGS LIKE
THAT, COWBOY...I'M
CHICKEN, REMEMBER?



BISSELL GETS THE FIRE OUT, THEN LIFTS THE WOUNDED
CAPTAIN OUT OF THE PILOT'S CHAIR. HE CAN'T FLY...
BUT HE CAN DIE TRYING!

THIS IS THE NAVIGATOR
IN BRONCO BUSTER. CAN
SOMEONE TELL ME WHAT
I'VE GOT TO DO TO GET
THIS BUS BACK TO
ENGLAND?

I'VE BEEN WATCHING
YOU, BISSELL! HOW
THAT SHIP STAYS
AIRBORNE, I'LL NEVER
KNOW! HOW MUCH
FLYIN' TIME YOU
GOT?



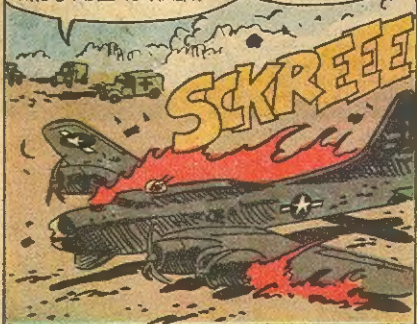
THE NAZI FIGHTERS RIP DOWN ON FAST PASSES... BUT NOW THE B-17'S IN THE SQUADRON CLOSE IN... THEIR MACHINE-GUNNERS PROTECTING THE CRIPPLED SHIP!

HE'S HOLDIN' IT IN THE AIR. AIN'T HE THE GUY WHO WEARS GLASSES THAT THE LOUDMOUTHED GUNNER CALLS PRISBY BISSY?

THAT'S THE GUY! DOIN' A WHOLE OF A JOB TOO!



WE GOT TO EVACUATE THE CREW...THAT SHIP'S HALFWAY ON FIRE ALREADY! FROM WHAT BISSELL SAYS, HE'S THE ONLY MAN ABOARD WHO'S ABLE TO WALK!



I TRIED TO PUT THE GEAR DOWN TO LAND... NOTHING HAPPENED!

YOU'LL HAVE TO BELLYLAND IT THEN, HERO! YOU'RE COMIN' IN NICE...JUST KEEP IT UP AND YOU'LL BE DOWN!



BUT WHEN THE MEDICS CLEAR THE AIRCRAFT...THEY HAVE ONE MORE PATIENT THAN THEY'D EXPECTED!

LT. BISSELL FAINTED, SIR. NO WOUNDS OR ANYTHING...HE FAINTED!

FIRST GUY WHO LAUGHS GETS A RAP IN THE MOUTH! AND THE NEXT DUDE WHO SAYS PRISBY BISSY GETS WORSE!



WHAT WE NEED TO WIN THIS WAR IS LESS HEROES AND MORE GUYS LIKE NORM BISSELL WHO ARE A LITTLE BIT CHICKEN...EXCEPT WHEN THE CHIPS ARE DOWN!



The End

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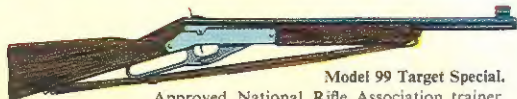
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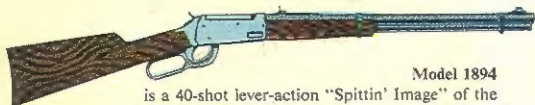
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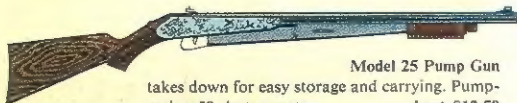
"It's a Daisy"



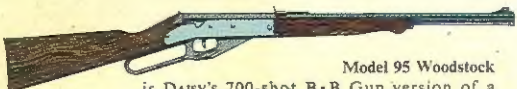
Model 99 Target Special.
Approved National Rifle Association trainer.
50-shot repeater, with sling about \$16.50



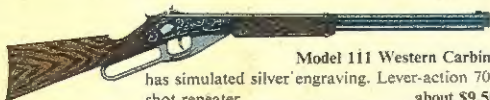
Model 1894
is a 40-shot lever-action "Spittin' Image" of the
rifle that won the West about \$14.50



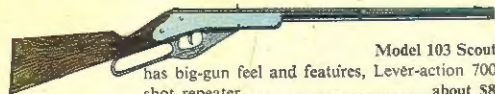
Model 25 Pump Gun
takes down for easy storage and carrying. Pump-
action 50-shot repeater about \$12.50



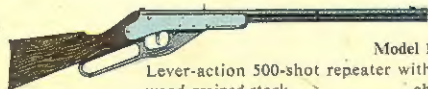
Model 95 Woodstock
is Daisy's 700-shot B•B Gun version of a
modern sporting rifle about \$10.50



Model 111 Western Carbine
has simulated silver engraving. Lever-action 700
shot repeater about \$9.50



Model 103 Scout
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shot repeater about \$8



Model 102 Cub.
Lever-action 500-shot repeater with durable
wood-grained stock about \$5.98

Left: New Model 26 "Spittin' Image"
of one of America's most popular slide-action
.22 repeaters. 45-shot about \$18

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